worth in the Englifh : hee is a proper mans picture, but alas who can conuerfe with a dumbe fhow ? how odly hee is futed, *I* thinke he bought his doublet in *Italie*, his round hofe in Fraunce, his bonnet in Germanie, and his behauiour euery where.

Nerriſſa. What thinke you of the Scottifh Lorde his neighbour ?

Portia. That hee hath a neyghbourlie charitie in him, for hee borrowed a boxe of the eare of the Englifhman , and fwore hee would pay him againe when he was able : *I* think the Frenchman became his furetie, and feald vnder for another.

Ner. How like you the young Germaine, the Duke of Saxonies nephew ?

Por. Very vildlie in the morning when hee is fober , and moft vildly in the afternoone when he is drunke : when he is beft, he is a little worfe then a man, & when he is worft he is little better then a beaft, and the worft fall that euer fell , I hope I fhall make fhift to goe without him.

Ner. Yf hee fhoulde offer to chooſe, and chooſe the right Casket, you fhould refufe to performe your Fathers will, if you fhould refufe to accept him.

Portia. Therefore for feare of the worft, *I* pray thee fet a deepe glaſſe of Reynifhe vvine on the contrarie Casket, for if the deuill be within, and that temptation without, I knowe hee will chooſe it . I will doe any thing *Nerriſſa* ere *I* will be married to a fpunge.

Nerriſſa. You needе not feare Ladie the hauing anie of theſe Lords, they haue acquainted me with theyr determinations, which is indeede to returne to theyr home , and to trouble you with no more fute, vnleſſe you may be wonne by fome other fort the your Fathers impoſition, depending on the Caskets.

Por. Yf I liue to be as old as Sibilla, *I* will die as chaft as Diana, vnleſſe I be obtained by the maner of my Fathers will : I am glad this parcell of wooers are ſo reaſonable, for there is not one among them but *I* doate on his very abſence: & *I* pray God graunt them a faire departure.

Nerriſſa Doe you not remember Lady in your Fathers time, a Venecian a Scholler & a Souldiour that came hether in companie of the Marqueſſe of Mountferrat ?

Portia.

Portia. Yes, yes, it was *Baſſa*
Ner. True maddam , hee
eyes look'd vpon, was the beſt
Portia. *I* remember him w
thy prayſe.
How nowe, vvhat newes ?
Enter a
Ser. The foure ſtrangers ſe
leaue : and there is a fore-runn
Moroco, who brings word the
night.
Por. Yf *I* could bid the fift
bid the other foure farewell, *I*
he haue the condition of a Sain
had rather he ſhould ſhriue m
ſirra goe before : whiles we ſhu
knocks at the doore.

Enter *Baſſanio* wi
Shy. Three thouſand ducate
Baſſ. *I* ſir, for three months.
Shy. For three months, well
Baſſ. For the which as I told
Anthonio ſhalbe boun
Shy. *Anthonio* ſhall become
Baſſ. May you ſted me ? W
Shall *I* know you
Shy. Three thouſand ducat
and *Anthonio* bou
Baſſ. Your aunſwere to tha
Shy. *Anthonio* is a good m
Baſſ. Haue you heard any i
Shylocke. Ho no, no, no
a good man, is to haue you
yet his meanes are in ſuppo
to Tripolis, another to the
on the Ryalta, hee hath a thi

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